

A Dialogue betwixt the

DEVIL

AND THE

Ignoramus Doctor.

Cates

Devil. **B**Ehold from the Infernal Lake I'm come,
To fright thy Soul to its Eternal doom:
To tell thee, Villain, that thy Reign's expir'd,
And now be sure thou shalt no longer hir'd

Be by me, no, nor any of the damn'd,
To drench in Innocent Blood this mournful Land.
Hence then be gone, and do no more pursue
Villanies Hell could ne'er set free by you:
Now Heaven stops my power, and I thy hand,
And now I tell thee, Doctor, thou art damn'd.

Doctor. O Spectre! spare a wretch, a dreadful doom!
Go back and tell the damn'd I am a sinner;
Only let me compound the ill I've begun,
Then Heaven farewell, and unto You I come.

Dev. The Bloud o'th' Innocent blood does cry,
Revenge, Revenge, on cursed Doctor, Ti—
No more o'th' Innocent shall bleed, nor die.

Dr. Well, the time's come, the fatal day's at hand,
That I for ever, ever must be damn'd;

O curs'd Revenge! what Mischiefs I have done?
Abjur'd the Father, and Blasphem'd the Son.

The sacred Spirit of Truth at once have I
Banish'd; and that my Vengeance I might buy,
I've caus'd the best of Innocents to dye.

See where their Ghosts appear in Purple ray'd,
Victims, by Perjury alone betray'd:

See how they shake their Heads, and bleed afresh,
Their wounds gape wide in their new murder'd flesh;

And these most frightful Visions come, 'cause I
Th' bloody Villanous Murderer stand by.

'Tis true, that I the cruel Murderer am,
And thousands more by Perjury to trepan

I solemnly did vow, and often swear,
And none t' escape, from th' Peasant to the Peer;

Nay Sacred Prelates, Princes, Queens and Kings,
Should have made up my Bloody Offerings.

Then

Ten Thousand more of Innocents had dy'd,
 'Cause I King, Queen, and Duke had Sacrific'd:
 Cities and Towns I'd Fir'd, if not withstood,
 And quench'd the Flames with Innocent Blood.
 Let me but live in this world three years more,
 This Island then shall swim in Christian gore;
 I'll subvert Governments, and murder Kings,
 Sow discord among Friends; I'll do such things
 Shall make the World believe there is not that
 Villanous thing I have not power to act:

I'll make the World believe (let me but stay)
 That Light is Darkness, and that Night is Day;

That I the Saviour of the Nation am,
 And that Christ was of no avail to Man;
 Then I the Sacred Gospels will destroy,
 Swear they'r but fictitious Stories, and a Lye;
 Perswade them that the Bible's but a Farce,
 No more to be esteem'd then is my A—

So I'll improve the Art of Perjury,
 That none who are not skill'd in Villany;
 Shall live; thus will I fit this Isle for Hell,
 And then adieu the World, and Heaven farewell.

Thus I a Learned Doctor will commence,
 And by th' People be ador'd for Nonsense,
 And with Sedition I their Souls will influence,

Devil. Peace thou prophane wretch, hold Villain hold,
 For know with Heaven and Earth thou art too bold,
 And I must tell thee, another Winter old
 Thou shalt not be, thy Life and Soul are sold:
 When flat on th' Altar Thou thy self shalt lay,
 Remember that thou gav'st thy Soul away
 To me; and swor'st for ever thou'dst be mine,
 Might'st thou but compass thy Hellish design;
 To imbrue thy hands in Innocent blood,
 And murder all who had the face of good:
 Devils and Hell in this Thou hast outdone,
 By thy damn'd Perjury ith' face oth' Sun.
 Hence then be gone to Hell, away, away,
 For in this place thou shalt no longer stay.

[Spoken by an old Acquaintance.]

*Why how now Doctor, vanish'd, fled and gone,
 What none but Monsieur Devil and Thou alone?
 Are all your Projects come to this damn'd end,
 Thus to be hamper'd, and ridden by a Fiend?
 Unpitied lye; blaspheme and groan thy last,
 Belch forth thy unhallow'd Soul, and blast
 Hell it self, with thy unsanctify'd breath,
 And groveling ith' shades of Eternal death,
 I leave thee. Ha, ha, ha, poor Doctor,
 Good Night little good Mr. Devil's Doctor.*

FINIS.

